

THE
MAGAZINE OF HISTORY
WITH
NOTES AND QUERIES

Extra Number—No. 69



RARE LINCOLNIANA—No. 15

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AN UNPUBLISHED LINCOLN LETTER (1860)

WILLIAM ABBATT

28 WEST ELIZABETH ST., TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

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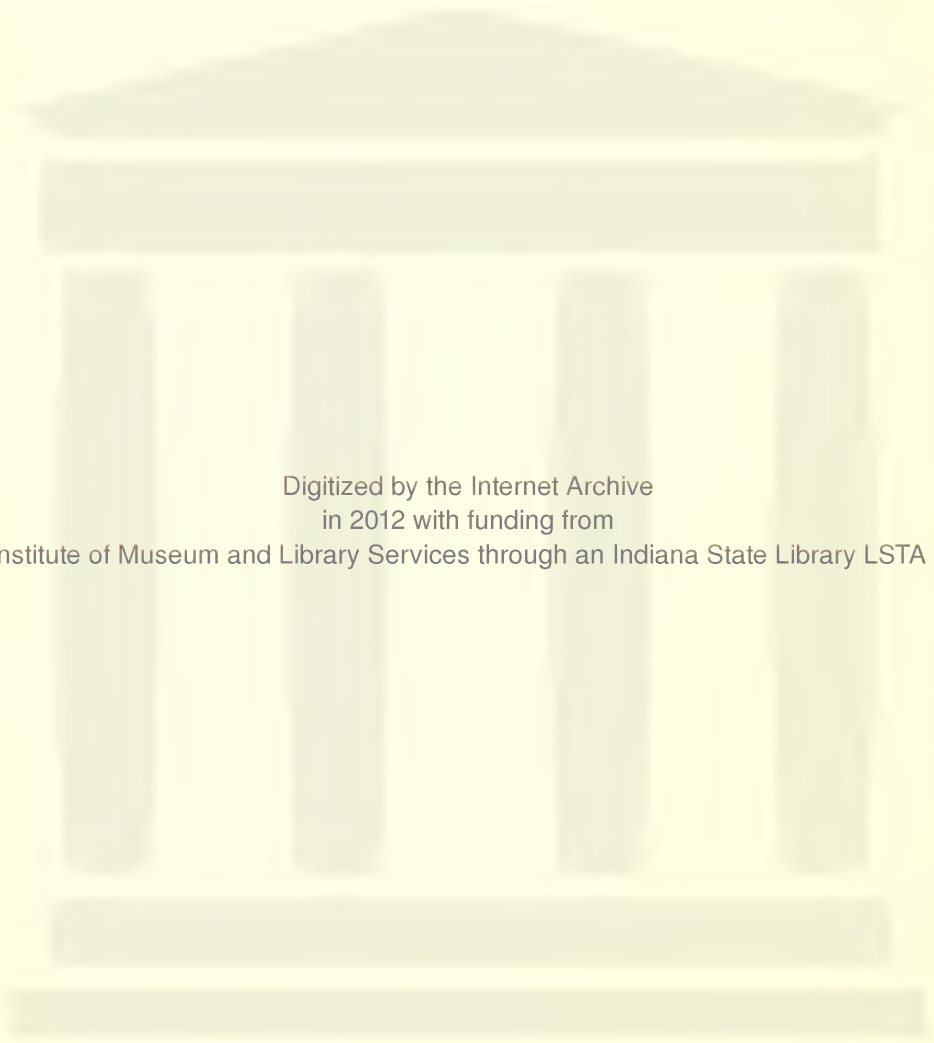
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EDITOR'S PREFACE

Of the various items which comprise this our fifteenth *Lincoln* Number, the first is one which seems to have escaped bibliographers. It appeared in a volume of poems published in Holland in 1868, and probably loses a good deal of its force through translation into English.

The Tarbox article has never before been printed, since its original appearance, and is therefore very scarce.

The article by Mr. Forman originally appeared in our predecessor, the *Magazine of American History*, in 1887 and is especially valuable as showing the difficulties which beset both the President and Stanton in such cases.

The other articles are all of interest and we think the brief Cobden article will be found especially so.

Mr. Tuckerman's article will be new to most of our readers. Of all schemes foredoomed to failure, that of African colonization seems to be chief—yet within twenty years the editor has heard it powerfully advocated before a New York club, by a gentleman whose opinion commanded respect, and of whose sincerity there could be no question.

TWO CONTRIBUTIONS

1345—1865

BY

J. C. ALTORFFER.

I

JACOB VAN ARTEVELDE

July 17, 1345—September 14, 1863.

What's right he meant to have;
Brooked, for his Land's good name,
No servitude or shame:
No man of Ghent—a slave.

Inscription on a house in Ghent—September 14, 1863.

UTRECHT, HOLLAND

C. VAN DER POST, JR.

1868



TWO CONTRIBUTIONS

WHY, O Ghent, with hastening pace
Speed'st thou to the old Marketplace,
Of which so many famous acts
Are part of thy proud record's facts?
Why these crowds together streaming
With joy of which their glances tell,
With zeal that makes their bosoms swell?
Why have they come up thus beaming?
Is 't but from Flanders' fertile clime
Or are they Brabant's pastures' grangers?
From North and South flock pilgrim strangers
To thy strong fortress, grey with time.

What for?—O cast your glance around
And say where you the statue found—
The Regent's, who with boldest hand
Did the standard of your freedom plant
For commonwealth and congregation?
Who force withstood with latest breath,
The people stayed in stress and death? . . .
A grave's fantastic violation.
A soul by party spirit quelled—
His lot in hearth and shrine defending;
Where turns your eye its view extending,
No monument it sees for Artevelde!

Ingratitude, ingratitude!
To people's friend the offer rude,—
It was the crown that thou didst gain
When by the assassin's hand wert slain.
And yet the people loyal stayed;

They honor thee, wise man of Ghent!
 Thy name is on their soul imprint,
 Indelibly it stands portrayed—
 The commonalty's champion,
 Who bravely for their rights was waking,
 This noble mission ne'er forsaking
 For prince's smile or people's frown.

And did five centuries pass by
 Before rewarding's hour drew nigh,
 Before a grateful later race
 Brought thee their homage bright with grace?
 The dawn of that day now has broken,
 And harmonies with festive calls
 Resound within Saint Bavo's walls.
 Th' unveiling word has just been spoken,
 The bond which for five hundred years
 The Fleming pressed is now discharged,
 In pieces torn with pride enlarged . . .
 See—Artevelde's form appears!

Renowned man of Ghent! His home,
 Proud as he, of right and freedom.
 His form stands bright in that same spot,
 Stage oft of weal and woe in what
 Of praise and grief you have enjoyed!
 He now shines there, and 'tis as if
 A magic word turns senses stiff;
 As if no time had been destroyed.
 The Regent lifting still his hand
 On high, a sacred signal giving,
 For right and freedom to be living,
 To battle for the Flemish land.

As if he hears the old war-cry,
 "Flanders—the Lion,"¹ sounding so nigh
 Where he is in the terrible camp,
 So many a Liliart's² heart to cramp;
 It is as if he sees flags waving
 Over the market-place so gay,
 The Guilds' symbolical display
 So wildly on the wind behaving;—
 It is as if he still views men
 As strong of build, as calm of purpose
 As those whom he for victory chose,
 For leaders in the States' domain.

But fades the vision from our eye,
 The monument stands proud on high,
 Teaching the folk of German tongue
 "Keep watching o'er the victory long
 By Artevelde's mind obtained,
 Which Artevelde's blood did buy."
 Should ever one your liberty defy;
 Then let him meet the spirit gained
 By the Regent's life's defence!
 Share thou your Burghers' celebration;
 Their boon of highest valuation—
 Constituted Independence.

¹The war cry and meeting call of the Flemings.

²"Liliart"—followers of the French Lilies, a name of scorn for the Flemings inclined to the French and others of that mind. In contradistinction, the loyal Flemings were called Clawwaerts, for being associated under the banner of the clawed Flemish lion.

II

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The Muse of history took her pen
 And wrote the fourteenth day of April down
 In the big book that tells posterity
 What things, great and bad, on earth occurred,—
 And when the name of Lincoln was inscribed
 A bitter tear fell from her solemn eye;
 In him a noble man had fallen.

A nobleman, in very highest sense,
 Who for himself, nor praise, nor grandeur sought.
 To whom the people's good, the Republic's honor,
 Above all, the boon of liberty, was precious—
 A liberty that does not make her grace depend
 On race or color, and thus but mocks mankind;
 But one, in love embracing all that are.

A nobleman; in earlier days,
 When still his hand, for scanty wage,
 On field and flood, held axe and strap,
 His ear had caught, as an offense to God,
 The clanking of dark slavery's chains.
 And now the rousing words of Beecher-Stowe,
 Scattered as so much fruitful seed,
 Had spread its ripened harvest everywhere.
 Now that the words had grown to deeds, and deeds required,
 He did for the great cause nor dread the issue,
 But, like a Luther in the far-off West,
 When with the Union's leadership entrusted,
 From the inmost depth of soul he spoke,
 "Here I stand. So help me God I can't do otherwise."

That word was deed, 'twas clear when the fraternal war
Burst forth between the North and South.
Lacking in money, no fleet, no army force;
Instead, discord in bureaus of control,
Yea, treason in the Capital's heart
Was what he found, clasping the helm of state,
But power of will found the experience,
And power of will trod treason under foot.
So confidence rose; yea, when in powder-smoke
The dreadful war along its wretched trail
Tired not, by clashing sword and gleaming bayonet,
By plundering and arson with sound of trumpets,
And thundering tread of cavalry,
Of adding by the thousand its victims,
To the gigantic number of the slain

And then broke forth a shout, a joyful shout,
A flying word along the wires of steel
Sped, swift as light, throughout the North;
For Richmond fell before the conquering force:
As dust the hostile power flew over field and road,
As in the smallest hamlet, so in the greatest city
Of the Great Republic, a song of jubilee
Was raised by every one who slavery despised.
For Richmond's fall raised up the colored man
Whose every right the South continued to withstand.

What sweet emotion did thy soul enrapture,
O Lincoln! when thou that vanquished city,
Whilom the South's brief capital, didst enter!
No desire for revenge glowed in thy human heart;
No "woe the conquered!" proceeded from thy lips
In that place, to fall with dread upon the ear.
Nor did thy hand in angry mood

A long list of guilty exiles sign.
 Too great a man, and of a mind too noble
 Wert thou, not to extend to vanquished foe
 The hand of peace for brother love and freedom,
 For which thy warm heart throbbed for good and ill.
 Thou also now shalt have thy noble brow
 Adorned in pure simplicity with garland fair,
 The civic crown which Washington obtained.

To rest his spirit from the trying task
 The great man and his family attended
 An humble theatre in Washington.
 There his head and heart found relaxation
 In witnessing one of Shakespeare's³ plays.
 Attentively the story's thread he follows
 As it sets forth the truth of human ken.
 Affected by the drama's grief and joy
 His face looks clouded, beams with pleasure.
 There he sits with fellow citizens; no armed
 Bodyguard stands near for his protection.
 Is he not full of confidence among his own?

³ I have assumed that the evening Lincoln was killed a play of Shakespeare was given. Later I read in the newspapers that the play was "Our American Cousin." Still I deemed it best to let it stand.

As his only relaxation, Mrs. Lincoln took him to the theatre from time to time almost in spite of himself. He was extremely fond of Shakespeare. "It is unimportant to me," he said to me one day, "whether Shakespeare be well played or not; his thoughts are enough for me."

I had the honor of being invited to accompany him to see "King Lear," one day in January, 1865. I went with him that same night to Ford's Theatre, and to the same box where he was afterwards so cowardly assassinated. The theatre is small: the Presidential box is reached by a passageway left open behind the spectators in the gallery seats, and to gain entrance you opened a door, put aside a curtain, and entered it.

The back of the box was hung with red velvet, but they had not even taken pains to cover, either with velvet or cloth, the bare pine boards that formed the front.

A. LARGEL.

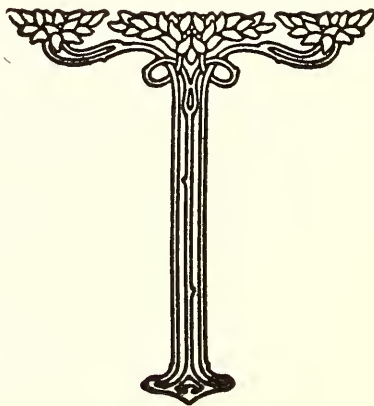
Revue des deux Mondes, May 15, 1865.

He's with his own.—But treachery never sleeps,
 Nor did it sleep here;—two bright eyes peering,
 A shuffling step stealthily creeping near,
 A sure aim—a firm grasp—a sharp report—
 The bullet flies and quick completes the horrid deed,
 And Lincoln falls—never to stand again!
 O night of sorrow after a day so fair!
 O dread decision in a plea so noble!
 Shattering end of the country's dreams
 Whose actors have been falling by the thousands
 And now hurling people from the height of ecstasy
 Into the abyss of wretchedness and tears!
 O crime, base, unprecedented crime!
 Of old indeed did murderous rebels prow!l
 About the palace and through armed bodyguard
 To slay who, by presumed right divine,

Or stroke of policy, thought themselves their people's lords.
 But a first burgher of a burgher-state,
 Who had no royal heritage or patent of nobility
 Where one takes pride in him who, to be free,
 Out of the shadow of the commonplace
 Bore forth his name into the light of worth and truth—
 Must such a one as well become the victim
 Of a Cain in the slaying of his brother?

Rest, noble one! rest from the heavy task
 Which thou wouldst fain in love have finished.
 Mankind mourns in the Old world and the New,
 And heaves a sigh of horror and distress.
 The glorious flag of stars and stripes
 Which drapes thy bier is fairer far
 Than royal crown by tyranny and perjury won
 And with the blood of subject peoples smirched.

Rest, Lincoln! rest. The Historic Muse
Inscribed thee on her roll as nobleman
And on thy tomb the angel of reward writes this:
"America! Let Lincoln's name in honor gain:
Before his power of will fell slavery's chain."



NOTES

A FEW extracts from the introduction that precedes the recitation of the accompanying poems in a literary circle may not be deemed out of place here.

The 17th of July, 1345 A. D. furnished for the renowned city of Ghent a fearful spectacle. A riot—not uncommon in those days—took place on the Kalanderberg, near the present Saint Bavo's Church. The chief scene of this sad drama was the upper story of one of the prominent houses on the square. A well-built man, with noble features, stood leaning over the iron railing addressing a crowd of people, who with wild clamor and waving of sword and dagger, by the blood-red glow of torches, were threatening the chief of the armed citizens, who was the speaker. Having begun to answer them, the convincing language of the intrepid man gradually won him their attention, captivated them, when suddenly a treacherous hand lifted behind him the murderous battle axe and with it split his head. The assassin then stirred up his accomplices to wreak their revenge on the defenseless body as, maltreated and mutilated, a cord was thrown about its neck, it was dragged down the steps and along the street amidst the astonished multitude, and, in the darkness of the night, soon hidden from the eyes of friends and foe.

The last words which escaped this victim of despicable vengeance were these:

“People!—Ghent!—Flanders!” While the breath of life was still in that mutilated form, they came to be, “The wise man of Ghent, Flanders’ mightiest Protector!”—The shield of civic freedom and nationality!—By name, Jacob Van Artevelde.”

On the 14th of September, 1863, there had gathered at Ghent, on its Friday market, so rich in historical reminiscences, an innumerable multitude. But neither fury nor vengeance, murder nor destruction, radiated from the glances of that multitude. On the contrary, exultation and enthusiasm showed a remarkable interest,

and the name of Van Artevelde sounded from every one's lips, Van Artevelde's statue held every one's eye. Those excelling in learning, in art, in government were gathered about the honored head of Belgium's kingdom, and later at the festive banquet joined joyfully in with the words which then fell from royal lips: "To-day we have celebrated the memory of a powerful man, who at a critical period did by his uncommon courage maintain the existence of this important community. True, these facts belong to an age far removed from our lifetime, but upon such courage, and such prudence, is the independence of peoples founded."

Thus after a lapse of five centuries, along with so many other tokens of honor, did the highest power in the state express its appreciation of a great man, a noble citizen, a symbol of the Flemish people's peculiar character.

Changed are the times; generations have come up and are gone down. Rude forms are giving place to a more refined civilization. No longer partisanship with a dagger for the bloody murder of a defender of the people's rights and liberties. Employed instead to-day is the simple poison of slander and suspicion. These, too, however, can be deadly, as the history of our day teaches us. Let the voice of the past therefore keep on speaking to the present, and that not in empty sounds of air echoing and reëchoing until dying out, but in words that abide in mind and heart.

Did the poem *Jacob Van Artevelde*, owe its origin to the 14th of September, 1863? Hardly had the second year thereafter closed its round, when in the far west, in the capital of the United States of America, the 14th of April, 1865, would belie the few lines written above in praise of our civilization. For then indeed did a man of the people share a lot similar to that which five centuries before fell upon Jacob Van Artevelde.

If sympathy exists between peoples and lands, just as between individuals, then the relationship of language and tribe must contribute thereto the strongest inducement. Flanders and North America, free states, do both of them point toward language and

descent. Here are the low lands on the North Sea, the outlet of Germany's and Gallia's main streams, in one word, the Netherlands, at present politically separated, but heretofore united, and at one time one of the most flourishing realms of Europe, and still for a good part bound together by language. Now, it is scarcely two centuries ago (1664) that the great city of New York bore the name of Nieuw Amsterdam; and does not many a name now there indicate a Dutch descent? Do not a number of emigrants sail across from these regions from time to time and give occasion thus for perpetuating the tribal relationship? It was with deepest interest therefore that Netherland watched the latent and most important war between brothers in the West; and the bloody crime committed after the North's victory, in the murder of the country's president, called forth the poem entitled *Abraham Lincoln*.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

14 APRIL, 1865

With Malice toward none, and Charity for all.

Pure was thy life; its bloody close
 Has placed thee with the sons of light,
 Among the noblest host of those
 Who perished in the cause of right!
 —*Bryant.*

THE NEW ERA.

DEVOTED TO THE RESTORATION, RECONSTRUCTION, AND UNION OF THE STATES

IF THOU HAST TRUTH TO UTTER, SPEAK, AND LEAVE THE REST TO GOD.

VOL. 1.

DARLINGTON, S. C., TUESDAY, JULY 25, 1865.

NO. 2.

THE NEW ERA

Published Every Tuesday at Darlington, S. C.

By JNO. W. TARBOX

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—THE NATION'S MARTYR

FOUR years and a few short months ago we took from the quiet, almost unknown people of Illinois, an untried man. We gave him our assurances of fidelity and trust with lips that trembled with the fears that exercised and "the prophecies" that alarmed us. From the prairies of the West we had sought a Chieftain to lead us, whom we believed, when he registered his oath, would do so with the solemn estimation of its sacredness, and dare to "preserve, protect and defend the Government" of our Republic.

We looked upon him as one who had been raised up for a peculiar purpose.—In every age of the world there have been "the sent of the Lord" to deliver, lead and save the people.

MOSES, JOSHUA, ELIJAH, SOLOMON, DANIEL, CHRIST JESUS THE LORD have passed before us, and their glorious influences, powers and acts yet inspire us.

A CONSTANTINE, LUTHER, ALFRED, WILBERFORCE, WASHINGTON, LINCOLN! with their noble works, words, deeds, still actuate us and lift us up to the grander summits of a better life.

All are conversant with the relations into which our country was thrown, ere the arm of seditious intent was raised, when threats followed invectives wild and bitter. All are aware of the compromises we had made with such and such only as would strangle freedom to nurse and foster thralldom. The cockatrice's egg was in all our covenants, and the cloven foot of the desolator trod upon all our accessions. Given up to the idolatries of our political alliances—almost let alone in our folly and iniquity—we were snatched at length like brands from the burning, and "ABRAHAM" was given us as a father to guide the Ship of State through the storm, where dark portentous clouds were gathering thick and fast and whose blackness hung like a pall over the Republic.

In all political chicanery we had become unparalleled; and so many were the pitfalls we had dug that nought but peril was in our way. A MARTIN,¹ JOHN and JAMES had held the helm of our noble Ship, and left us upon the drifting turbulence to be dashed among the rocks, reefs and shoals of indifference and constitutional infidelity.

Our Capitol became riotous with the language of defiance, assault and treason. The pampered of the land—as they saw their craft endangered—with proclamations fierce and rash, dared those who would "the right maintain," to assert their manhood.

We need not repeat the insults, the assumptions, the boasts and prophesies of those "who stood in wisdom's halls" for the last time and threw down the gauntlet to destiny. So arrogant; so traitorous! How they washed their hands in innocency and claimed defence of virtue they never knew; how they looked with scorn at the "mud-sill" representations they turned their backs upon, and the slaughter, the destruction they breathed upon the generations of the North. All these things are fresh in our memories, and the same smile of contempt lurks about the corners of our lips as then.

How replete were the days and hours with impulse and decision, when the voice of those upon whom the fair fame, the honor of the

¹ Van Buren, Tyler, Buchanan.

Nation rested was heard.—Party spirit in hot haste pursued the revelations of the grand triumph of Freedom's pioneer step, which established the campaign against usurpers in human prerogatives and the Champion of Liberty was crowned. The heavens in that November rang with the cheers of millions, and the name of LINCOLN was as the charm of households.

Soon the festering sores of treason burst; the CATILINES and BRUTUS' throughout the South revolting, disregarding the writing upon the walls of doom, were heard in words of foul intent stirring up the bilious of their craft to follow them in rebellion wild and murderous design.

Already having determined upon an Empire the sceptre of which never should depart; with consciences seared; ever violating confidence; the repose of the strength, the material of a Nation's working in their hands; our Navy beyond reach; the Army scattered; contracted for in inglorious surrender by recreant commanders; disloyalty permeating all the avenues, channels and sources of Government, it is not to be wondered at that in mockery they beheld "the coming man" as he started forth, not with the pomp of one who, eager for the vesture of royalty, begins to frown on subjects and smile on courtiers; no! unassuming as he was unswerving, unpretending as uncommitting, he bade farewell to his home to assume the responsibilities of a rule such as no man before him in our mighty Republic had ever wielded. With the prayers of the faithful, with the belief that upon him had the mantle of duty fallen and with no desire to falter in the great work of the hour, the sublime realities of the Age, he went forth trusting in the God of Nations—believing

"Right is right since God is God,
And right the day must win."

No anonymous threat slackened his pace, no spirit of anarchy or blood caused his heart to quail!

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right," he moved on fearlessly, though cautiously, to become the guardian of the public weal.

In the midst of the tempest that threatened to tear
The bonds of our mighty Republic in twain,
Like a guardian angel, his genius was there
Gathering the links to unite them again.

It is in vain, in the space allotted to us, to recapitulate all the events, the fears, the doubts, discomfitures, distress and wonder, the retreats, defeats, success and triumphs which have been crowded into the history of the past four years. We cannot repeat the struggles, sufferings, marches, sieges, victories with which our era has been linked, nor can we name the chieftains, heroes, martyrs, all whose record is as the scroll of glory unrolled to the vision of eternity.

With all that the Republic has known, his life, his energies, wisdom, sympathies, integrity and nobleness have been connected. Never failing in the darkest and stormiest hour to cheer; when the strong bark was almost foundering in the gale, standing with firm hand and dauntless heart the Pilot of our hopes, he ever proclaimed the halcyon days which now are wedding their happier aspirations with peaceful emotions.

When the howl of the blasts all furious, with fiercer elements mixed, appalled the mind and terrified the soul of the multitude, his watchful eye, unflinching nature and never-despairing voice brought the faithful assurance that "all was well" to them who persevered in the struggle of humanity and equity.

"Upon his country's war fields and within the shadow of her altars" he has stood, the Knighted and the Anointed! From the hour of insult to that emblem Banner now more glorious and glorified—each stripe made redder by the blood of martyrs, (himself the Chief); and purer by the virtue of their sacrifices; while the stars all brilliant in their azure field, shone out anew with the records of the heroes living and slain, our beloved President, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, has stood the standard bearer of promise and triumph!

With him *success was a duty!* The purposes of heaven were sure! "He exhibited," says one eulogising his virtues, "in due pro-

portion and harmonious action those cardinal virtues which are the trio of true greatness—courage, wisdom and goodness. Goodness to love the right; wisdom to know the right; and courage to do the right. Tried by these tests and the touchstone of success, he became with us in our Nation and for humanity in the world the greatest among men.”

His was the mind, the heart, that thought and felt out through the leadings of Infinite power, America's proudest deliverance. Moving in his conceptions with the finger points of destiny, interpreting the significance of signs revealed, honest in purpose, in will, in faith; always advancing, never retreating; given to the exploration of truth, the searching out of logical and moral inferences, teachable to himself, to all, with “an understanding heart, discerning between the evil and good,” he was in Solomonic prudence, able to govern and counsel a great people so that every tongue could say (unprejudiced and loyal)

“Powers depart
Possessions vanish and opinions change;
And passions hold a fluctuating seat;
But, by the storms of circumstance unshaken,
Subject neither to eclipse nor wane
Our Chieftain stands!”

Bishop SIMPSON, in his funeral oration at the grave of President LINCOLN, at Springfield, Ill., thus alluded to what will always be regarded as the great act of the deceased President, and which will make his name immortal:

“But the great act of the mighty chieftain on which his fame shall rest long after his frame shall moulder away, is that of giving freedom to a race. We have all been taught to revere the sacred character of MOSES, of his power, and the prominence he gave to the moral law, how it lasts, and how his name towers among the names in Heaven, and how he delivered three millions of his kindred out of bondage, and yet we may assert that ABRAHAM LINCOLN, by his proclamation, liberated more enslaved people than ever MOSES set free, and those not of his kindred or his race.

“Such a power or such an opportunity God has seldom given to man. When other events shall have been forgotten; when this world shall have become a network of Republics; when everything shall be swept from the face of the earth, when literature shall enlighten all minds; when the claims of humanity shall be recognized everywhere, this act shall still be conspicuous on the pages of history; and we are thankful that God gave to ABRAHAM LINCOLN the decision, wisdom, and grace to issue that proclamation, which stands high above all other papers which have been penned by uninspired men.”

But just as the rewards of fidelity to trust, of honored service, of unshaken faith, of duty accomplished were descending to wreath the brows of Columbia's Magistrate with coronals of glory; just as the gates of rebellion had swung back before the ponderous blows and surging strides of patriot hosts; just as the favorite leader of the Union legions proclaimed from the citadels of treason the traitors vanquished; just as the bronzed columns of veterans gained the summits of completest triumph, and from Richmond's centre *our watchman* hailed us with the salutation, “Lo the morning cometh;” while with speedy steps, returning to administer upon the fast-approaching evidences of “a righteous peace,” he came, to rejoice with the jubilant millions as the foe on every hand were yielding, our arms victorious and our armies victors; while with mercy counseling, that he might toward the guilty bring long sufferance and gracious ministrings, he was stricken by a hand accurst, and fell an unexampled lover of his race, calling in his latest hours blessings on the wayword. O foulest crime on annals borne! O blot the blackest! from whence such execrable heart, such hand with fell intent, save from the pit—the bottomless pit—where all the spirits of rebellious deeds have been conceived, and to which they must return!

By the assassin's hand our honored President has fallen, the last and chiefest of martyrs! In sable has our land been dressed throughout its loyal borders, wherever the flag he loved, supported and defended is unfurled.

But a few days have passed since all that was mortal of the great and good Chief Magistrate was laid in the tomb near the home he made so genial and proud. Oak Ridge with its sepulchre so mute retains the form, but in our hearts shall we enshrine the memory of the murdered Nation's Father.

"Ah, well may the heart of America mourn,
An orb from the bright constellation has sped,
An oak from the forest of greatness is torn,
A line from the rainbow of glory has fled,
He is gone! but his greatness has kindled a fire
In the temple of fame on Columbia's shore,
A beacon of glory that cannot expire
Till truth be forgotten and Freedom's no more."

For eighteen hundred miles the funeral procession of ABRAHAM LINCOLN solemnly lengthened out its course 'mid tears and sighs and "bleeding sympathies."—Nought in historic pages has surpassed the length of the passage of the honored remains of him whose name and fame is universal. ALEXANDER THE GREAT, conqueror of worlds, though borne on a golden chariot from Babylon in Asia, to Alexandria in Egypt, created not the emotions our ABRAHAM the Good, the Just, has stirred in the bereavement which his "horrid taking off" has occasioned.—Empty ALEXANDER went in dishonor to his account. In the fulness of time, in the ripeness of the harvest of duty well done, our ABRAHAM went, bearing his sheaves with him to the rewards of the just.

Around the earth is the solemn car of mourning moving; from kingdoms, empires, the isles of the sea the wail of sorrow is heard. Princes, potentates, the learned, the wise, the small, the great, all add (in silence universal) expressions of profoundest grief to our united lamentations.

America has lost the JOSIAH of the present age, "who turned not to the right hand nor to the left, but did that which was right in the sight of God."

Often shall we meet to tell his virtues, to speak of the elements of his nature, the wisdom of his rule, the kindness of his heart, the

unsullied integrity of his will; for, says another, "his love for man was boundless, his charity all embracing, and his benevolence so sensitive that he was sometimes as ready to pardon the unrepentant as the sincerely penitent, yet truth and justice were so mixed in him as to making his failings virtues, and nerve him to administer impartially."

It is impossible to measure all his powers and prudence in our allotted limits, his relation to our institutions, our perpetuity as a Nation, his exemplification of the great democratic principles which are the palladium of our rights and prerogatives. His bearing toward the past, his comparative parallelism in character, intellect, purpose, accomplishments to those who have been deservedly great and revered among us.

With us no struggle will be inaugurated to claim his birth-place. The cities of the world may wrangle and dispute over the natal hours and lives of their Poets, Conquerors and Kings, but the *Continent* is only the fitting nativity of the peerless and spotless Magistrate of Columbia's heritage.

A short time since a banner, borne in procession, where returning disloyalists confessed the brutality and "deep damnation of his taking off" had this appropriate inscription upon its folds: "GEORGE WASHINGTON—the Father of his Country; JEFF. DAVIS—the Destroyer of his Country; ABRAHAM LINCOLN—the Redeemer of his Country," and

"The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame!
Sore heart, so stopped when it last beat high,
Sad life, cut short, just as the triumph came.
The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse,
To thoughts of peace on earth, good will to men."

And for all that we have found in our Chieftain slain, to revere and honor, let us devoutly thank the God of Heaven who bestowed upon him gifts so rare, elements so pure, and strength to the last that

he might fulfill the great objects of his mission according to the immutable decrees of Divine wisdom.

Let us acknowledge to whom we are indebted for the ELISHA of our new dispensation, in order that our grief, our loss may be mitigated; let us humble ourselves before the throne of Him in whose hands are the destinies of nations, and with sincere desire seek the sanctification of the universal chastisement in the removal of the good man from our presence. Let us importune the ear of Jehovah-Shalom until He shall cause us deeply to feel our need of His sustaining power, His everlasting arms of mercy and forbearance, His unfailing knowledge, to the end, that our present Magistrate may be governed by the same faith, inclined by the same trust, actuated by the same righteous disposition and purpose in the conduct of our momentous affairs as was

“Our Nation’s martyred Father.”

God’s hand alone has preserved us through our years of peril and doubt, and it is he that can keep us from falling in the future. Let us then, like ABRAHAM LINCOLN, calling “God as our witness make it our prayer, that both the Nation and ourselves may be on the Lord’s side, knowing that the Lord is ever on the side of the right. With his example before us, let us

Cling close, O my friends, cling close while we may,
The night is far spent, we are nearing the day,
’Tis an hour of strong counsels, brave acts, but good cheer,
For the dawn on the mountain breaks ruddy and clear.
’Tis a great hour to live, and a great hour to die,
With the bright bow of liberty spanning our sky;
So shoulder to shoulder, side by side let us stand,
With God the protector of our dear native land.

(This is the only form in which Tarbox’s fine tribute appeared. It was headed as an editorial, occupying five columns of the first page of the paper. As a Southern tribute, appearing so soon after the President’s death, it is remarkable.)

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S UNLUCKY PASS

THE following incident is from the private papers and memoranda of a gentleman high in the Secret Service Department during the late Civil War. He had partly written the story for publication prior to his death, thus it is given in his own language. The facts have been carefully compared with official documents, and are found correct in every particular. No publicity was ever given to the affair, it having been kept from the press entirely, and it appears now for the first time in any form save that of an official report. It is believed that outside of Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Stanton, the lady and gentleman mentioned in the article, and the officer from whose notes the account has been obtained, the details of this incident were wholly unknown. For obvious reasons, real names are not given. The two principal actors in the scenes are still alive,* and history would in no way be benefited by making public matters which might wound their feelings. Late one night in the fall of 1863, the following telegram was received by the provost marshal in the city of Baltimore:

"War Department, Washington, D. C.

Colonel Fish:

Information received at this office renders it almost certain that a lady about sixty years of age, name unknown, visiting her daughter or daughter-in-law at Syracuse, New York, is preparing to run the blockade with several trunks containing articles contraband of war and otherwise. I hope you may be able to take means to secure this person and her baggage, *no matter under what circumstances she may present herself.*

(Signed)

EDWIN M. STANTON."

The wording of the telegram, as will be observed, was peculiar, and the fact that such a telegram should be written at all about an ordinary smuggler was somewhat puzzling. Knowing that our bluff Secretary seldom wasted words on any matter I was forced to the conclusion that there was more in this affair, or, at least, that *he*

*This account was written thirty-three years ago—they are probably dead now, and their names will never be known.

knew more about it, than he cared to say through a dispatch, and although nothing was ever said by him as to this presumption on my part, yet events which afterwards occurred in working up the matter proved my surmise to have been correct. It was worse than useless, however, to be losing one's self in abstract speculations concerning a matter which required immediate action. Secretary Stanton evidently intended this dispatch both as information and as an order, although the order was not well defined. Syracuse was many miles distant; it was fair to presume, in a place of that size, there might be more than one "lady about sixty years of age, name unknown, visiting her daughter or daughter-in-law"; but, would there be more than this one "preparing several trunks"? Here was a faint hope of being able to get some trace, if we only had the proper person or persons there to investigate; but to send a stranger upon a matter which required such accurate and minute local information would clearly never do. Whether Syracuse had a good police force, and whether its chief was "loyal," was a matter better understood now than then; knowing they must have a postmaster, and presuming from the fact of his being a government officer that he was loyal and trustworthy, a copy of the telegram was sent to him, with a request that he would take measures to inform me if he could obtain any clew to the person mentioned.

This postmaster proved to be a good officer, and his heart was evidently in the Union cause, for in a very short time he sent back word that "such a person had been there visiting her daughter-in-law for some time, and that she had left for New York City the week previous, taking with her three large trunks which he had positive information contained medicines, dry goods and 'Yankee notions'; sorry he did not know this before, and could he be of any further assistance?" Of course he could not be expected to do anything further, and it was very uncertain whether any one, at this late hour, would be able to proceed with the case, for the clew, very slight at first, had now become so frail that the chance seemed small indeed of

ever finding the lady or her desired trunks. The fact of her having gone to New York was bad enough, but to have it occur "more than a week ago," seemed a climax of the complication. She had had time to escape with her effects, and before this might have been in Nassau, congratulating herself on her success; still there was a chance that she had been taking matters more leisurely than we supposed, enjoying the good things of New York thoroughly and lingeringly, before voluntarily shutting herself away from them by going into the Southern States. She had taken her own time in Syracuse, might she not do the same in New York?

While no probable chance could be thought of whereby Mr. Kennedy (superintendent of police in New York) could render any assistance in this matter, yet there was a possibility, and it was thought proper to leave no means untried; therefore a history of the case was prepared and forwarded to him for such action as he might think proper in the premises. A more complete description would have assisted him in the search, but he was given already all we had. "A lady about sixty years of age, with three trunks; came from Syracuse a week ago, doubtless *via* Hudson River R. R." A small thread indeed to follow in a city of a million inhabitants. Thus the matter stood for at least two weeks, when there came a little ray of light from New York. A lady who would answer the description had gone to Washington several days back, and she might be in that city at present; still there could be nothing positive about it.

This might, or might not be information; if indeed it was "our lady," we did not believe it possible for her to get through the lines at any point this side of Eastern Tennessee without a pass from this office, unless she should have unusual influence "at court" and manage to obtain a pass directly from Mr. Lincoln, which was a very rare achievement. No flurry was necessary, for, if this had been her intention, she had doubtless perfected her plans so thoroughly before reaching Washington that all had been consummated; or, which seemed more probable, she had failed. In either case, she would be compelled to come to this office herself finally; in the first event to

get her pass countersigned ere it would be accepted by the Bay Line steamers, and, in the second, to try for a pass here for herself.

No developments had occurred in this direction for some two weeks after the date of the information mentioned above, as to her (or some one something near the description of her) having left New York. But in the midst of a mass of correspondence one morning, I was interrupted by the orderly who informed me that a lady and gentleman wished to see me as to a pass.

"Why do you let them trouble me with this matter? Show them to the desk of the officer in charge of that business," I said.

"I could not help it, sir. I directed them to Lieutenant Walker, but they insist on seeing you," was the courteous reply.

"Well, show them in, but don't permit this to happen again; people must learn to transact their business with the proper officers," I remarked with some asperity.

The door swung open somewhat impatiently, and there entered a lady past middle age, rather tall and commanding in her appearance, a pleasant but decided cast of features, an unmistakable air of gentility and breeding pervading everything about her, and tastefully and quietly dressed in mourning. She was accompanied by a middle-aged gentleman whom I recognized instantly as one of the most eminent lawyers of the city, a gentleman of wealth and high social standing, but with the reputation of being at heart a sympathizer with the South. These were the visitors who would not be put off, and although the subject had been entirely out of my mind for some days, yet as I rose to receive them it came like an inspiration that this was the lady I had for more than a month been seeking. Presenting chairs, they, especially the lady, were reluctantly seated; she seemed to think her dignity demanded that she should in no manner accept the hospitalities of the office; but after a short hesitation, catching the eye of her escort, she accepted the proffered seat. Waiting a few seconds for the visitors to make their business known, I asked in what manner they could be served. The lady partially rose

as if intending to come toward me to speak earnestly, but her friend with a very slight motion to her to remain seated, said:

"We are sorry to disturb you, and are aware you seldom give personal attention to individual passes, but the circumstances are so peculiar, we have presumed to come to you direct rather than to deal with one of your subordinate officers."

A gesture of assent was given, as he seemed to pause for such, and he proceeded:

"The lady who accompanies me is the wife of one of your ——, one of the general officers in the Federal Army. She has relatives in the State of Virginia, whom she is anxious to visit, and has obtained a special permit from Mr. Lincoln to do so, but upon presenting herself at the gangway of the steamer last evening and tendering her pass from the President, to her astonishment she was informed it was of no avail without being countersigned by you. Unable to understand why this was necessary and unacquainted with the location of your office, the boat being about ready to start, she was forced to abandon for the time her undertaking, and was driven to a hotel. Having had for many years the honor of her acquaintance, she came to my house and solicited my assistance, if any was needed, in seeing you to have this matter (which we presume is of form only) made straight."

A square, straightforward story, said in few words, and to the point, if we except the little stumble as to the side the general officer was on; and had it not been that the lady was "about sixty," and an unaccountable presentiment that she was the one we had been so long seeking, they would have been immediately furnished with the required pass, and dismissed, but with all these suspicions it could not be done, at least without some questions. Turning toward the lady, I asked:

"Will you allow me to look at your pass?"

She presented it somewhat ostentatiously, almost defiantly. Sure enough, there it was, all perfectly *en rigle*; the signature was

well known, and besides this, the whole body of the pass was in the unmistakable hand-writing of Mr. Lincoln:

"Officers and guards will pass the bearer, Mrs. ——— through the lines *via* Fortress Monroe, unmolested and her baggage undisturbed.
A. LINCOLN."

Rather a tough document to get over; if my surmises as to the holder were correct, however, under the circumstances, it was deemed best to shrink from nothing, even to ignoring a document as clear, concise, and of as high authority as this.

Remarking that "this seemed to be all right," she was asked "why she had waited so long before availing herself of the document, its date being some days back?"

She replied that she "had been visiting friends, and knowing it to be good at any time, had been in no haste."

"Have you been North long?"

Madame started abruptly at the question; straightening herself in her chair, she replied:

"I fail to see how any such questions bear upon our business; you will excuse me if I decline to answer."

The gentleman, at this point, rose abruptly and somewhat nervously. "Perhaps I can smooth this difficulty," said he, advancing to the desk. "Mrs. ——— has been for a long time with her daughter in the North, and availing herself of the known and tried loyalty of her gallant husband, has asked for and obtained the safe conduct you see, in order to enable her to visit near and dear friends in less fortunate circumstances."

Turning toward the lady again, who, evidently taking her cue from her friend, had relaxed somewhat in manner, I asked:

"Madame, you will pardon me, but there are a few questions it will be necessary for me to ask. Is your daughter-in-law living in Syracuse?"

"Yes, sir."

"You went from that place about a month since to New York?"
She bowed.

"About two weeks since you went from there to Washington?" I continued.

"Yes, sir; I did. But of what interest I pray can the recital of all this possibly be to you?"

"Excuse me, madame, but one more question. Where is your baggage at this time?"

"You are becoming impertinent, sir," said she, rising. "My trunks are at Barnum's, where I took rooms last evening; and I decline to answer any further questions."

This conversation had all been conducted so quietly and respectfully, that it was doubtless the most distant thing from the minds of either the lady or gentleman that there was any possible doubt of the ultimate success of their undertaking; indeed, how *could* it be otherwise? Were they not armed with the protection of the highest authority in the United States? This being the fact, what had they to fear? It was their province to give orders, not to obey; true, some little official routine must be conformed with, but in face of the document held, all *must* bend to their will.

Touching a bell, the orderly making his appearance was directed to inform Lieutenant Morris to report immediately. As the lieutenant came into the room and saluted in his quiet, impassive manner, the smothered anxiety or curiosity of both the lady and gentleman, which had begun to manifest itself from the moment I had sent for the officer of the guard, could be no longer contained; both started to their feet impatiently, angrily.

"What is the meaning of this remarkable conduct?" said the gentleman, vehemently. "Am I to understand, sir, that you are about to dare to controvert the orders of the President of the United States?"

"Remain perfectly quiet, sir, if you please. It simply and positively means that I am about to place this lady in arrest, as you will see. Lieutenant, you will take charge of madame. Conduct her to her hotel; see that she needs nothing to make her comfortable

in her own rooms, where it will be necessary for her to remain until further orders, and in the meantime she is to hold no conversation with any person without a special permit from these headquarters."

The poor old lady sank back in her chair as white as death. "What?—what, sir?" she gasped; "arrest? arrest me?"

The lieutenant, obeying an almost imperceptible gesture, took two or three steps toward where she sat. The gentleman, who had apparently been stunned and bewildered by this sudden turn of affairs, now recovered, and in truly manly style came to the rescue. Stepping out as if to intercept the officer, his voice trembling with suppressed excitement, he turned toward where I was standing, exclaiming:

"How dare you, sir? Are you insane? Do you know who she is? Your power, I well know, is considerable, indeed too much—but there *is* a limit. You shall not do this thing. She is here under the protection of the chief magistrate of the nation, her husband one of the most gallant officers in your army" (the "your" came out squarely this time, his indignation having made him forget his guard), "and she shall not be insulted and outraged by you, a subordinate, who, because clothed in a little brief authority, seem to consider yourself infallible, and unaccountable to any one for your actions." Turning again to the officer, he said: "Touch her at your peril."

The lieutenant looked inquiringly, then, evidently satisfied there was to be no change in his orders, respectfully requested the lady to accompany him. She rallied from the startled and frightened condition into which she had been thrown, and as he addressed her she rose to her feet with dignity and a certain stately manner which well became her, saying with emphasis:

"I will make no scene; I will go with you, but dearly shall that man," pointing toward me, "suffer for this indignity."

"One moment, lieutenant," I remarked. "Madame, we shall be compelled to trouble you for your keys."

"Never," she broke in impetuously, "never shall you have them unless taken by force. Is there then *no* limit to your insolence?"

"Madame, it is imperative, and it will be so ordered that your three trunks be brought to this office. Should you refuse us the keys, we shall be compelled to break the locks. This we dislike to do, but should we have to do so, you must not after this positive assurance blame us for so doing. This whole affair is to be regretted, but under all the circumstances, and in the face of previous orders, I see no alternative. It is fully understood what liabilities are being incurred, and we do not shrink from the responsibility. If there is any one you particularly desire to send for, inform your friend and your wishes in that respect shall be obeyed."

She haughtily drew herself up, as she replied: "My friend," with somewhat scornful imitation of manner, "is abundantly able to take the proper steps to punish this insult, without any suggestions from you. As for myself, I can cheerfully endure a short imprisonment for the sake of the satisfaction I shall certainly soon feel in seeing you justly punished for this high-handed misdemeanor." Without a tremor, with a stately bow to her companion, she waved the officer in front of her and marched after him out of the room, erect and dignified. Her friend closed the door and turned back, saying:

"That I am astounded at your presumption, and shocked at your want of feeling, I need not say. But, sir, that is not all; I shall take the next train to Washington, and lose no time in laying your extraordinary behavior before the authorities you have insulted and outraged. You may expect to hear from me again in a very few hours, and unless I am more mistaken than ever in my life, your present quiet and cool demeanor will be changed more than you will care to have it."

Assuring him of my perfect willingness that he should take the course he proposed—nay, more, that it was impossible to see how he could honorably in friendship to the lady take any other—he was also informed that everything had been done upon mature reflection, and that there was no desire to shrink from any responsibility incurred through what seemed to him an arbitrary and unjust course.

He went away with every indication of being highly incensed, and a positive prospect of a coming retribution upon the head of the man who had wrought this unforeseen disturbance.

Within a very short time the three trunks arrived, *with the keys*. Upon opening them, it was apparent the postmaster was correct as to their contents. If any further evidence had been needed as to the expediency of seizing them, they would have furnished it themselves, and had Mr. Lincoln known what he had been cajoled into passing unmolested over his signature, he would without doubt have been excessively displeased at those who had, wittingly or unwittingly, assisted in the deception so successfully attempted. The same evening our friend, who had so energetically made a raid upon Washington, returned. Entering the room with a brisk, satisfied step he presented me with an important "I told you so" air, a document bearing the impress of the War Department and addressed in the bold, nervous handwriting of Mr. Stanton.

"It is as I expected, sir," said he, as he laid it upon the desk, "and I have good reason to believe when you have read that letter that you will most heartily regret the steps you have taken in this matter." Opening the envelope there was found, what it was natural to expect from the information they had at Washington, *viz.*: a peremptory order from the Secretary of War "to immediately release the lady from arrest, restore her baggage, furnish her with a pass, and show cause why you should not be dismissed the service for disobedience of orders."

Short, curt, and to the point. Just such a document as any one knowing our irascible Secretary would expect. Our friend watched closely while the communication he had delivered was being read, evidently expecting to see a marked change of countenance.

"This is precisely what was expected," I said, laying the open letter on the desk; "he could not well have written anything different, knowing what he does, as yet, of this affair."

"Well, sir," exclaimed my visitor, "you do not pretend to say you refuse to obey that direct order? I was astonished at your audacity

before, but *this* is inconceivable. May I ask, sir," mockingly, "*who* is the real conservator of power at the present time in these unhappy United States? My old foggy notions had always led me to believe the Secretary of War superior to any subordinate, and that deliberate, willful disobedience of orders was a crime to be most severely dealt with; but it seems I am mistaken, or else not educated up to the *advanced* age. May I ask what you *do* intend to do in this matter?"

"Certainly," I replied blandly. "It is proposed to immediately answer this letter by telegraph, stating what action has been taken; also to make a written report, in which reasons will be set forth why the course has been taken which evidently seems so unaccountable to you. Upon receipt of answer to this proposed report, it will be possible to give you information as to probable final action in the case. Until that time things must remain precisely as they now stand."

"I trust that I shall yet see you humbled in this matter. Shall I be allowed to see Mrs. — and provide for her comfort? Or does it suit your convenience to render her as unhappy as possible?"

"You can see madame, if you desire it. But as far as personal comforts are concerned, she has the best a first-class hotel can afford, and is restricted in nothing but permission to leave her apartments, and intercourse with the outside world except through this office. She also has female attendance from the servants in the house. Very many people in this city would be most happy to be similarly situated, as far as necessities, or even luxuries, are concerned."

Accepting a permit to visit his friend, the gentleman went away, evidently discouraged. The support he had so strongly leaned upon had as yet proved of no avail, although it was apparent he was far from believing but that all would yet be reversed, as was natural from his stand-point of view. Yet the quiet composure and confidence in which all that had seemed so extraordinary to him had been done, had shaken him quite considerably in this belief. As soon as he was gone a telegram was sent to Mr. Stanton, stating that, not-

withstanding his last and peremptory order it had been thought proper to stay the execution of it until he could be put in possession of further and complete information as to the case, which there were strong reasons for believing would cause him to revoke the order and approve of the action taken at this office, and that a full report should be sent next mail. Such report was prepared, giving the case in detail; first quoting his telegram of a month back, and emphasizing the sentence, "I hope you will be able to take such measures as to secure this person and her baggage, *no matter under what circumstances she may present herself*"—and then giving each step in the prosecution and development up to the present time, finally assuring him this was the person spoken of, and inclosing an inventory of the contents of the trunks.

The next morning's mail brought an autograph letter from him, most heartily approving the course taken, and leaving the whole case for the final and usual disposition in such matters, further stating that the matter had been laid before Mr. Lincoln and that this letter was written with his consent and approval. Some regrets were also expressed that no intimation had been previously received from this office as to the nature and bearings of the case, which would have prevented the summary tone of his previous communication brought by the gentleman interested.

In a very short time the gentleman in question entered, evidently a wiser and a sadder man. It was apparent he had been to Washington again, faithful to his trust, determined to leave no means untried to assist his friend. Mr. Stanton's letter was silently handed to him; he read it carefully and remarked sorrowfully that, "it was past his comprehension. That when subordinate officers presumed to dictate to their superiors, and were upheld in it, it boded no good to the country," etc.

To his inquiry as to "whether it was decided yet what the final disposition alluded to was," he was informed that the lady should have her own personal effects; to wit, her clothing actually made up, or cut and not made, and other things of like nature, returned

to her, and be passed through the lines under guard whether she desired to go or not, with charge not to return during the war. Also that if she would designate some one of her relatives in the North to whom she wished the other things which were in her trunks delivered to, that should also be done, although such was not the usual course.

These promises were fulfilled, and she departed the next day. The articles not permitted for her to take were delivered elsewhere according to her directions, and thus ended this singular affair. Some time afterwards, the matter came up casually in conversation with the President, and he remarked that he "was glad on some accounts that it had occurred, for it gave him an excuse ever after, when urged to grant a similar pass, to quote this case, and truly say that it might be of no avail, for his pass sometimes proved of no account except to be the means of getting himself into trouble, and he preferred to leave such business entirely to the officers who were expected to regulate and govern such matters."

ALLAN FORMAN.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND COLONIZATION

THE business which brought me into personal relations with President Lincoln in 1863 was connected with a public measure much discussed at the time, and now a part of the history of that exciting Presidential term.

After the President's famous Emancipation proclamation the Northern States were threatened with a deluge of refugee freedmen and their families, for whose protection and employment in the country no possible provision could be made, and the alarming cry arose, and was echoed all over the North, "What shall be done with the negro?" Mr. Lincoln strongly recommended colonization; and Congress voted \$600,000 to be employed by him, according to his judgment, for this object. The Government invited proposals, and experiments were made, one in Central America and another at the island of La Vache, within the republic of Hayti. The applicant for the latter was an individual highly recommended to the Government, and who had obtained from Hayti a lease of the island for the cultivation of cotton by the freedmen.

President Lincoln favored this enterprise. A contract was accordingly drawn up and the contractor went to New York to form a company and obtain the necessary capital. It was proposed to ship five thousand freedmen, including families, the future of the enterprise to depend upon the successful founding of a permanent colony, under white superintendents, for the cultivation of cotton and cereals.

The affair had advanced to the charter of the first vessel, its fitting out and supplies for five hundred negroes, then gathered at Fortress Monroe under the supervision of General John A. Dix, when an unforeseen difficulty intervened. A rumor, presumed to have originated with opponents of negro colonization, reached and greatly disturbed the President. It was to the effect that the con-

tractor was in league with Semmes, the notorious Confederate privateer, to hand over the negroes to him on the high seas as "runaway captured slaves." Absurd and utterly false as was this mischievous story, Lincoln and his Cabinet withdrew the contract, on the ground that no scheme of the kind should be undertaken which, in case of failure from any cause, might subject the Government to the after charge of having neglected proper precautions.

Such decision not only subjected the New Yorkers who had incurred a large expenditure and larger liabilities, to great inconvenience and prospective loss, but promised to inflict much misery on the destitute freedmen who were anxiously awaiting the arrival of the vessel to take them to the "Land of Promise." As one of the subscribers to the Colonization Company, I visited Washington to ascertain the wishes of the Government in this dilemma. Mr. Lincoln laid clearly before me the embarrassment in which he found himself, notwithstanding he was fully convinced of the baseless character of the person with whom he had made the contract. He assured me he had the enterprise greatly at heart, and that "it should go on." He did not feel justified, under the circumstances, in making a new contract with the original contractor, but would make one with those known to him and in whom he had confidence. "Would Mr. Paul S. Forbes—one of those who had come forward to assist the measure and myself—accept the contract?"

Now the name of "contractor," after the experiences of the war, was more to be avoided than a pestilence. This I said to Mr. Lincoln, and added that if any other person acceptable to him would relieve us of the expenses incurred, and carry on the enterprise, we would relinquish it. But the President had "put his foot down" on the subject, and his foot was a very large one. The matter had been fully discussed by the Cabinet, and this was the conclusion. Communicating with Mr. Forbes, I found him equally disinclined to contract for the deportation of the number of freedmen it was intended to cover; but after further consultation with Mr. Lincoln—who pressed the matter as a personal favor—we agreed to accept the

contract so far as the shipment of the first five hundred was concerned, and for whose deportation provision had already been made. Accordingly, the five hundred and their families at Fortress Monroe were shipped to the island La Vache, shouting hallelujahs and falling on their knees in thanksgiving for the anticipated blessings.

Alas, both they and those interested in their welfare soon had cause to regret the undertaking. No enemy appeared, but a series of disasters, which under the circumstances no one could have foreseen, occurred, and first checked and then ruined the enterprise.

Small-pox broke out aboard the ship and in spite of medical care, decimated their number. No sooner were the survivors landed, and the necessity for work on their part apparent, than the lowest characteristics of the negro—indolence, discontent, insubordination, and finally open revolt, were manifested. Mistaking liberty for license, they refused to work, and made preposterous demands for luxuries to which they were wholly unused in slavery.

History repeats itself. Their conduct closely resembled that which is recorded as having occurred in the early part of the century, in the colony of liberated slaves at Sierra Leone. "A company had been organized in London, with a board of managers including Wilberforce and Granville Sharpe. In spite of the large capital subscribed and the ability of those who carried on the noble undertaking as a purely humane one, things went smoothly only while the business of the colony was confined to eating the provisions brought in the ships, but as soon as work became real and food short, the whole community smouldered down into chronic mutiny."

But at La Vache natural and wholly unlooked-for causes, for which the negroes were not responsible, assisted the spirit of insubordination. The virgin and entangled soil proved mostly incapable of cultivation, save by unusual processes of patient labor. Even corn and potatoes failed, which gave those who were willing to work a plea for accusing the white overseers of having deceived them by bringing them to a desert island instead of a land of plenty. This discontent was actively fostered by black natives of the main-

land of Hayti, whose object was to induce the colonists to desert the island and become Haytian subjects. Such would have been a satisfactory solution of the difficulty, so far as we ourselves were concerned, but the report of a special agent sent out by us to make a vigorous investigation as to the condition of the colony, did not favor this project, and we refused to allow the freedmen to exchange what was at least an independent condition, for one which under the name of "service" to native employers, would in all probability, result in a second and hopeless servitude.

Meanwhile the preservation of the freedmen became our imperative duty. Shiploads of provisions and other necessities were forwarded, and instructions of the most concise and liberal nature were given for the maintenance and support of the families until they could be returned to the United States under proper protection. All this involved great delay and it was not until after eight weary months of anxiety and expense on our part, that the depleted colony of freedmen were returned to our land by a Government ship. By that time the question "What shall be done with the Negro?" was in process of solution by the natural turn of events. The necessity for the cotton crop, and the demand for free labor on the neglected Southern plantations, were gradually inducing the ill-fed and impoverished negro to return to the soil and climate to which he was accustomed, and where, under the impetus of wages, self-support would be assured to him.

The Hayti experiment, and others elsewhere, having utterly failed, negro colonization received its death-blow, to the chagrin of its supporters and the delight of its opponents. So far as money is concerned, the Hayti experiment cost its promoters nearly \$90,000 not a dollar of which was recovered from the Government or any other source.

No one felt the failure more keenly than President Lincoln, and had he lived but a few months longer it cannot be doubted that under his advice to Congress a large part of the loss, including the cost of deporting the freedmen,—for which a fixed sum was appropriated

by the contract—would have been repaid to those who at his express desire assumed the contract. Unfortunately for them, Abraham Lincoln, who was the sole trustee of the fund voted by Congress, was assassinated before his intentions in the matter were ascertained. An appeal to Congress, and to the Court of Claims if necessary, was at one time contemplated and some preliminary steps taken, but were finally abandoned, as the chief pecuniary sufferer was a millionaire, who preferred pocketing his loss to undertaking the prolonged and unsatisfactory prosecution of a Government claim.

The papers are still to be found, I dare say, among the archives of the Senate Committee on Claims; and even now some enterprising lobbyist, with a constitution of iron and a faculty for wearing out the patience of the committeemen, might succeed in obtaining justice for the claimants or their heirs.

CHARLES K. TUCKERMAN.

MY FIRST AND MY LAST SIGHT OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THERE is no more vivid or apparently indelible impression on the tablet of my memory than my first and last sight of President Lincoln: and the circumstances connected therewith are equally well remembered. The first occasion was when he called upon President Buchanan, in company with Senator Seward, on the twenty-third of February, 1861, and the last was when he excused himself from making a speech at the Executive Mansion on the evening of April tenth, 1865, the next day after Lee's surrender.

It is generally known that Mr. Lincoln arrived in Washington, unannounced, several hours before he was expected by the public. It was supposed he would rest at Harrisburg over night, and probably not more than three or four persons knew he intended to come directly through without stopping. Indeed it was said at the time that he kept this intention entirely to himself; but it was doubtless known to his traveling companions, Ward H. Lamon, afterwards Marshal of the District of Columbia, and E. J. Allen, as well as to William H. Seward. None of the railroad officials on the train, either from Harrisburg to Baltimore or Baltimore to Washington, knew he was on board. Great preparations for his reception had been made, both at Baltimore and Washington; and as late as eleven o'clock, after his arrival in the morning of the twenty-third, active preparations were making to send the contemplated extra train to Baltimore for him. Shortly before six o'clock that morning, somewhat to the wonder of the few around at that early hour, Mr. Seward was seen waiting at Willard's Hotel, where rooms had been quietly engaged for Mr. Lincoln the previous day. He had not long to wait before Mr. Lincoln arrived and was immediately escorted to his rooms by Mr. Seward, who left him alone for rest. At nine o'clock he had breakfast in his private parlor, and his presence

was so little known in the city that it was one o'clock in the afternoon before any callers came to see him.

About eleven, Mr. Lincoln with Seward went to pay his respects to the President. There was a special Cabinet meeting on, and it was in session when the doorkeeper came in and handed a card to the President. With a look of pleasant surprise Mr. Buchanan said, "‘Uncle Abe’ is downstairs!" and immediately went to meet him in the Red Room. In fifteen or twenty minutes he returned, with Lincoln and Seward, who were presented to the members of the Cabinet, and after a few minutes' conversation the visitors left, to call on General Scott. Although I had been living in Washington while Mr. Lincoln was a member of Congress, in 1847, I had no recollection of ever having seen him then. I was at once struck by his tall, lank figure, towering almost head and shoulders above Governor Seward, and overtopping Mr. Buchanan, as they entered the room. I was equally impressed also by his quiet, unaffected manner and placid disposition. I did not observe in him the least sign of nervousness or deep concern; and there is good reason to believe that "with malice toward none, with charity for all," he felt confident of being able to gain the good will of the Southern malcontents and of soon bringing the seceded States back to their proper relations in the Government. The Peace Convention was then in session, and hopes of an amicable settlement had not yet been abandoned. But instead of allowing wisdom to control, folly bore sway, and for four long years the country was deluged with blood!

The news of Lee's surrender was received at the War Department just before nine o'clock Sunday evening, the ninth of April, 1865, and ere dawn the citizens were awakened by the sound of cannon proclaiming the joyful tidings. Soon, crowds accompanied by bands of music, passed through the streets, singing the "Star-Spangled Banner," "Rally Round the Flag, Boys," and other patriotic songs. The courts met and adjourned, and nearly all business was suspended. The clerks in the various Government offices were dismissed for the day, and hundreds of them, as well as throngs of

other citizens, gathered on the south steps and sidewalk of the Interior Department, and sang the Doxology.

Never before had I heard those words sound so sweetly or seem to touch the heart so tenderly. I was on my way to the Postoffice Department, where I found Postmaster General Dennison, in the main hall of the second story, addressing a crowd of citizens. About ten o'clock, a line of nearly two thousand persons, and constantly increasing, passed along Pennsylvania Avenue, headed by the Marine Band, and followed by two small cannon which were fired at intervals. On reaching the White House, after several airs by the band loud calls were made for the President. Soon he appeared at a front window, and was heartily cheered. The band struck up "America," and the great crowd sang the words. It was some minutes before order was restored, and then Mr. Lincoln said:

"I am greatly rejoiced, my friends, that an occasion has occurred on which the people cannot restrain themselves. I suppose arrangements are making to appropriately celebrate this glorious event, this evening or to-morrow evening. I will have nothing to say then, if it is all dribbled out of me now. I see you have a band—I propose having this interview closed by the band performing a patriotic tune, which I will name. Before this is done, however, I wish to mention one or two little circumstances connected with it. I have always thought that "Dixie" was one of the best tunes I ever heard. Our adversaries over the way, I know, have attempted to appropriate it (*applause*). I referred the question to the Attorney-General, and he gives it as his opinion that it is now our property, and (*laughter and applause*) I now ask the band to favor us with its performance."

The band responded most heartily, to the delight of all present, and the crowd then proceeded to call on Secretary Stanton, who declined speaking, on the plea of ill-health, but introduced General Halleck, who said: "Always ready as I am to obey the orders of my superior officer, the Secretary of War, I hardly think he will go so far as to require me to become a stump-speaker" (*laughter, cheers*)

and cries of "The people require it; it is 'a military necessity'") "Stump-speaking is something in which I have never indulged. I can only say that our congratulations and thanks are due to General Grant and our brave officers and soldiers in the field, for the great victory announced this morning, and the blessing of Peace, of which it is the harbinger."

Secretary Welles, when called on at his house, merely appeared and bowed his thanks for the honor. About five in the afternoon several hundred persons assembled in and around the White House portico, in expectation of a speech from the President; who, after repeated calls, appeared at the center window over the front door, and as soon as the cheering subsided, said: "I appear in response to your call, for the purpose of saying that if the company have assembled by appointment there is some mistake. More or less people have gathered here all day, and in the exuberance of good-feeling (which was greatly justifiable) have called on me to say something. I have said what was proper to be said, for the present. Some mistake has crept into the understanding, if you think a meeting was appointed for this evening." (Voices, "*We want to hear you now.*") "I have appeared before larger audiences than this during the day, and have said to them what I now desire to repeat. With reference to the great good news, I suppose there is to be some further demonstration, and perhaps to-morrow would suit me better than now, as in that case I would be better prepared. I would therefore say that I am willing, and hope to be ready, to say something then (*applause*). Occupying the position I do, I think I ought to be particular, as all I say gets into print. A mistake hurts you and the country, and I try not to make mistakes. If agreeable to have a general demonstration to-morrow evening, I will try to say something, in which, at least I shall be careful to avoid making any mistakes."

Thanking those present for the call, the President bade them good-night, and retired amid cheers.

I never saw him again. Throughout this brief address his face wore a benignant and satisfied expression which told plainly of the unspeakable relief the surrender of Lee had brought to him. I could but remark the great change from his usually sad look to one, I might say, almost angelic; and I am fortunate, in possessing his photograph taken while in this happy state of mind at that time. On the following evening, Monday, April tenth, he delivered his contemplated speech, to an immense crowd.

It was his last public address upon earth.

HORATIO KING.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AT CINCINNATI

IN the summer of 1857 Mr. Lincoln made his first visit to Cincinnati. He was original counsel for the defendant in a patent reaper suit pending in the United States Circuit Court for Northern Illinois. The argument of the case was adjourned to Cincinnati, the home of Judge McLean, at his suggestion and for his accommodation.

Mr. Lincoln came to the city a few days before the argument took place, and remained during his stay at the house of a friend. The case was one of large importance pecuniarily, and in the law questions involved. Reverdy Johnson represented the plaintiff. Mr. Lincoln had prepared himself with the greatest care; his ambition was up to speak in the case, and to measure swords with the renowned lawyer from Baltimore. It was understood between his client and himself before his coming that Mr. Harding, of Philadelphia, was to be associated with him in the case, and was to make the "mechanical argument." Mr. Lincoln was a little surprised and annoyed, after reaching here, to learn that his client had also associated with him Mr. Edwin M. Stanton, of Pittsburgh, and a lawyer of our own bar, the reason assigned being that the importance of the case required a man of the experience and power of Mr. Stanton to meet Mr. Johnson. The Cincinnati lawyer was appointed "for his local influence." These reasons did not remove the slight conveyed in the employment, without consultation with him, of this additional counsel. He keenly felt it, but acquiesced. The trial of the case came on; the counsel for defense met each morning for consultation. On one of these occasions one of the counsel moved that only two of them should speak in the case. This motion was acquiesced in. It had always been understood that Mr. Harding was to speak to explain the mechanism of the reapers. So this motion excluded either Mr. Lincoln or Mr. Stanton from speaking—which? By the custom

of the bar, as between counsel of equal standing, and in the absence of any action of the client, the original counsel speaks. By this rule Mr. Lincoln had precedence. Mr. Stanton suggested to Mr. Lincoln to make the speech. Mr. Lincoln answered, "No; do you speak." Mr. Stanton promptly replied, "I will," and, taking up his hat, said he would go and make preparation. Mr. Lincoln acquiesced in this, but was deeply grieved and mortified; he took but little more interest in the case, though remaining until the conclusion of the trial. He seemed to be greatly depressed, and gave evidence of that tendency to melancholy which so marked his character. His parting on leaving the city cannot be forgotten. Cordially shaking the hand of his hostess, he said: "You have made my stay here most agreeable, and I am a thousand times obliged to you; but in reply to your request for me to come again I must say to you I never expect to be in Cincinnati again. I have nothing against the city, but things have so happened here as to make it undesirable for me ever to return here."

Thus untowardly met the first time Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton. Little did either then suspect that they were to meet again in a larger theatre, to become the chief actors in a great historical epoch.

While in the city he visited its lions, among other places of interest the grounds and conservatories of the late Nicholas Longworth, then living. The meeting of these remarkable men is worthy of a passing note. Nor can it be given without allusion to their dress and bearing. Mr. Lincoln entered the open yard, with towering form and ungainly gait, dressed in plain clothing cut too small. His hands and feet seemed to be growing out of their environment, conspicuously seen from their uncommon size. Mr. Longworth happened at the time to be near the entrance, engaged in weeding the shrubbery by the walk. His alert eye quickly observed the coming of a person of unusual appearance. He rose and confronted him.

"Will a stranger be permitted to walk through your grounds and conservatories?" inquired Mr. Lincoln.

"Y-e-s," haltingly, half unconsciously, was the reply, so fixed was the gaze of Mr. Longworth.

As they stood thus face to face the contrast was striking, so short in stature was the one that he seemed scarcely to reach the elbow of the other. If the dress of Mr. Lincoln seemed too small for him, the other seemed lost in the baggy bulkiness of his costume; the overflowing sleeves concealed the hands, and the extremities of the pantaloons were piled in heavy folds upon the open ears of the untied shoes. His survey of Mr. Lincoln was searching: beginning with the feet, he slowly raised his head, closely observing, until his up-turned face met the eye of Mr. Lincoln. Thus for a moment gazed at each other in mutual and mute astonishment the millionaire pioneer and the now forever famous President. Mr. Lincoln passed on, nor did Mr. Longworth ever become aware that he had seen Mr. Lincoln.

The grounds and conservatories were viewed and admired. And so afterward the suburbs of the city—Walnut Hills, Mount Auburn, Clifton, and Spring Grove Cemetery. He lingered long in the grounds of Mr. Hoffner in study of the statuary. He sought to find out whom the statues represented, and was much worried when he found himself unable to name correctly a single one.

A day was given to the county and city courts. An entire morning was spent in Room No. 1 of the Superior Court, then presided over by Bellamy Storer, eccentric and versatile, in the maturity of his extraordinary powers. His manner of conducting the business of that room, miscellaneous, demurrers, motions, submitted docket, etc., was unique. The older members of the bar remember it well. To describe it literally would do gross injustice to that really great judge. To mingle in the same hour the gravity of the judge and the jest of the clown was a feat that only he could perform without loss of dignity, personal or judicial.

On this morning the judge was in his happiest vein, in exuberant spirits, keeping the bar "in a roar," assisted much in this by the lively humor of poor Bob McCook.

Mr. Lincoln greatly enjoyed this morning, and was loath to depart when the curtain dropped. He said to the gentleman accom-

panying him: "I wish we had that judge in Illinois. I think he would share with me the fatherhood of the legal jokes of the Illinois bar. As it is now, they put them all on me, while I am not the author of one-half of them. By-the-way, however, I got off one last week that I think really good. I was retained in the defense of a man charged before a justice of the peace with assault and battery. It was in the country, and when I got to the place of trial I found the whole neighborhood excited, and the feeling was strong against my client. I saw the only way was to get up a laugh, and get the people in good humor. It turned out that the prosecuting witness was talkative; he described the fight at great length, how they fought over a field, now by the barn, again down to the creek, and over it, and so on. I asked him, on cross-examination how large that field was; he said it was ten acres, he knew it was, for he and some one else had stepped it off with a pole. 'Well, then,' I inquired, 'was not that the smallest *crap* of a fight you have ever seen raised off of ten acres?' The hit took. The laughter was uproarious, and in half an hour the prosecuting witness was retreating amid the jeers of the crowd."

Mr. Lincoln remained in the city about a week. Freed from any care in the law case that brought him here, it was to him a week of relaxation. He was then not thinking of becoming President, and gave himself up to unrestrained social intercourse.

His conversation at this time related principally to the politics and politicians of Illinois—a theme of which he never seemed to weary. A strange chapter in the story of our country that is. What a crowd of great men arose with the first generation of white people on the broad Illinois prairie! There were Hardin, Logan the judge, Bissel, Trumbull, Douglas, Lincoln, and many other scarcely lesser names. Of these he discoursed as only he could. The Kansas-Nebraska agitation was at its height, and Douglas the prominent figure. Of him he spoke much.

Indeed, the story of Lincoln interlaces with that of Douglas. They are inseparable. It is the relation of antagonism. Parties

might come and go—Whig, Know-Nothing, Union, Republican—they were never on the same side until, amid the throes of revolution, they met in the defense of the Union. Douglas was a perennial stimulus to Lincoln. Webster was wont to say, if he had attained any excellence in his profession, he owed it to his early conflicts with Jeremiah Mason. In his public speeches Lincoln seemed ever addressing Douglas; even to the last, as seen in his great speech at New York, when he made the words of Douglas his text.

When Lincoln was driving an ox-team at four dollars a month, and splitting rails, he first met Douglas, then teaching school in central Illinois.

Mr. Lincoln loved to tell the story of Douglas. It is indelibly written in my memory. Not in the very words can I repeat it, and yet even that in the salient points.

He said Douglas, when he first met him, was the smallest man he had ever seen—in stature under five feet, in weight under ninety pounds. He was teaching a country school, and lodging with a violent Democratic politician, a local celebrity. From him Douglas got his political bias. Douglas was his protégé. He encouraged Douglas in the study of the law, procured the books for him, had him admitted to the bar before a year, pushed him into the office of prosecuting attorney, and into the Legislature.

When Van Buren became President, the patron wanted the office of Register at the Land-office, and sent Douglas to Washington to procure the place for him. In due time Douglas returned with the commission in his pocket, but not for his patron. It was for himself. The old man was enraged at the ingratitude, and swore vengeance. He listened to no explanations. It was not long before he had an opportunity to gratify his feelings.

Douglas became the Democratic candidate for Congress, the whole State constituting one Congressional district. His opponent was Mr. Stewart—still living, a relative of Mrs. Lincoln. After an animated contest Douglas was defeated by one vote in a poll of

36,000. The old patron rejoiced in the belief that that one vote was his.

Mr. Douglas's sensitive nature was overwhelmed by this defeat. He gave way to uncontrollable grief, sought consolation in excessive drink, and his career seemed at an end. But time brought its accustomed relief, and he re-appeared in the arena, again the thunderer of the scene. The years to follow were to him years of unbroken prosperity. He became successively Judge of the Supreme Court, Representative in Congress, and Senator. The name and fame of the "Little Giant" overspread the land. These, however, were cheerless years to Mr. Lincoln, yet with unshaken fortitude he bore the banner of Whiggery. It was his custom to follow Mr. Douglas about the State, replying to him.

But a change came; the Kansas-Nebraska Bill awakened the moral sense of the State, and by common consent Mr. Lincoln became its representative. Mr. Douglas, in Washington, was alarmed at the uprising, and hurried home to educate the people up to conquering their prejudice against slavery. He made a canvass of the State, Mr. Lincoln following him and replying to him. "After having spoken at a number of places," said Mr. Lincoln, "I was surprised one evening, before the speaking began, at Mr. Douglas's entering my room at the hotel. He threw himself on the bed, and seemed in distress. 'Abe, the tide is against me,' said he. 'It is all up with me. I can do nothing. Don't reply to me this evening. I can not speak, but I must, and it is my last. Let me alone tonight.' I saw he was in great distress; he could not bear adversity; and I acquiesced in his request and went home."

They did not meet again in debate, if I mistake not, until the great contest of 1858.

Mr. Lincoln had a high admiration for the abilities of Mr. Douglas, and afterward was glad to have his aid in behalf of the Union, and commissioned him a major-general; but he thought him in debate and in politics adroit, unscrupulous, and of an amazing audacity. "It is impossible," said he, "to get the advantage of him;

even if he is worsted, he so bears himself that the people are bewildered and uncertain as to who has the better of it."

"When I," said Thucydides, "in wrestling have thrown Pericles and given him a fall, by persisting that he had no fall he gets the better of me, and makes the bystanders, in spite of their own eyes, believe him." Thus doth man from age to age repeat himself; and yet not quite always. We hear of Gladstone felling trees, but it is not reported that he and Froude have wrestling matches.

Some weeks after this conversation with Mr. Lincoln I met Mr. Douglas, and drew from him his opinion of Mr. Lincoln. His very words, terse and emphatic as they were, I give: "Of all the ——— Whig rascals about Springfield, Abe Lincoln is the ablest and most honest."

The Kansas-Nebraska Bill had indeed turned the tide against Douglas; the Republicans were successful, having a majority of one on joint ballot in the Legislature, thus securing the Senator.

With a common voice the Republicans of the State proclaimed Lincoln Senator. In caucus he received forty-nine votes out of the fifty-one Republican majority. If I recall the figures aright, Mr. Trumbull the other two. But these refused in any contingency to vote for Mr. Lincoln. "After balloting for some time, I learned from a trustworthy source," said Mr. Lincoln, "that on a certain future ballot these two men would cast their votes for the Democratic candidate, and elect him. I called a meeting of my friends, explained the situation to them, and requested them on the next ballot, after these two men had voted for Mr. Trumbull, to change their votes and elect him. At this there was a murmur of disapprobation and declarations never to do it. I resumed and said: 'Gentlemen, I am not here to play a part; you can not elect me; you can elect Mr. Trumbull, who is a good Republican. You put me in a false position if you use my name to the injury of the Republican party, and whoever does it is not my friend.' They then reluctantly acquiesced, and Mr. Trumbull was elected."

This is the most significant act in the merely personal history of Mr. Lincoln. It exhibited the self-control and equilibrium of his character, as well as his party fidelity. There is now before me a letter of his in which he announces his motto in political affairs, "Bear and forbear." This self-poise, self-abnegation, and forbearance enabled him to bring the ship of state safely through the stormy seas before him. He never labored for effect; there was nothing theatrical in him; he was not concerned about his personal relations to affairs; smiled when he was told that Seward was using him and getting all the glory. He sought nothing fantastical; but felt it to be his supreme duty to bring peace with honor to his distracted country.

A picturesque administration may please the unskillful, but it makes the judicious grieve. The machinery of government, like that of the human body, is usually working best when it is attracting no attention.

The bread thus thrown upon the waters by Mr. Lincoln in securing the election of Trumbull returned, and not after many days. But when he had these conversations it was unknown to him. To the suggestion he would certainly be selected as the next Senator, he quietly replied, "I don't know." But when the time came the Republican Convention unanimously nominated him for Senator—an act without precedent in our Senatorial history.

The debate followed. At that time, under the influence of a strong partisan enthusiasm, I felt that Lincoln had greatly the advantage. But upon reading the debate now, its moral bearings aside, as a mere intellectual feat, the advantage of either is not apparent. The argument of slavery is put with all the telling force of Douglas's vigorous mind and intense nature. He was a veritable "little giant."

Mr. Lincoln, as we have seen, remained in Cincinnati about a week, moving freely around. Yet not twenty men in the city knew him personally, or knew that he was here; not a hundred would have known who he was had his name been given them.

He came with the fond hope of making fame in a forensic contest with Reverdy Johnson. He was pushed aside, humiliated, and mortified. He attached to the innocent city the displeasure that filled his bosom, shook its dust from his feet, and departed never to return. How dark and impenetrable to him then was the thin veil soon to rise, revealing to him a resplendent future! He did return to the city, two years thereafter, with a fame wide as the continent, with the laurels of the Douglas contest on his brow, and the Presidency in his grasp. He returned, greeted with the thunder of cannon, the strains of martial music, and the joyous plaudits of thousands of citizens thronging the streets. He addressed a vast concourse on Fifth Street Market; was entertained in princely style at the Burnet House; and there received with courtesy the foremost citizens, come to greet this rising star.

The manner of the man was changed. The free conversation of unrestraint had given place to the vague phrase of the wary politician, the repose of ease to the agitation of unaccustomed elevation.

Two men have I known on the eve of a Presidential nomination, each expecting it—Chase and Lincoln. With each, but in different degrees, there was an all-absorbing egotism. To hear, every waking moment, one's hopes and prospects canvassed, develops in one the feeling that he is the most important thing in the universe. Accompanying this is a lofty exaltation of spirits; the blood mounts to the brain, and the mind reels in delirium. Pity the Presidential aspirant.

With high hope and happy heart Mr. Lincoln left Cincinnati after a three days' sojourn. But a perverse fortune attended him and Cincinnati in their intercourse. Nine months after Mr. Lincoln left us, after he had been nominated for the Presidency, when he was tranquilly waiting in his cottage home at Springfield the verdict of the people, his last visit to Cincinnati and the good things he had had at the Burnet House were rudely brought to his memory by a bill presented to him from its proprietors. Before leaving the hotel

he had applied to the clerk for his bill; was told that it was paid, or words to that effect. This the committee had directed, but afterward neglected its payment. The proprietors shrewdly surmised that a letter to the nominee for the Presidency would bring the money.

The only significance in this incident is in the letter it brought from Mr. Lincoln, revealing his indignation at the seeming imputation against his honor, and his greater indignation at one item of the bill. "*As to wines, liquors, and cigars, we had none—absolutely none.* These last may have been in 'Room 15' by order of committee, but I do not recollect them at all."

Mr. Lincoln again visited Cincinnati on his way to Washington. His coming was not heralded by the roar of cannon, but it was greeted by an outpouring of the people such as no man here ever before or since has received; they thronged in countless thousands about the station, along the line of his march, covering the house-tops. They welcomed him with one continuous and unbroken storm of applause. Coming events were then casting their dark shadows before them. All men instinctively desired to look upon and cheer him who was to be their leader in the coming conflict.

There was an informal reception at the Burnet House, the people, in line, filing through and shaking his hand until a late hour in the evening. His manner was quiet, calm, resolute, and observant. All exaltation of feeling was gone. His reception amused and instructed him. As they passed before him, this one eagerly and enthusiastically grasped his hand, speaking out, "Be firm; don't back down." He was a good Republican. But this one takes his hand quietly, releases it slowly, while whispering, "The country expects a conservative administration." This is a Bell and Everett man. Another touches his hand with the tips of his fingers, and, with a curious gaze, passes on in silence. That is a Douglas man.

The reception over, Mr. Lincoln passes to his room to find his little son fretfully waiting his coming to be put to bed. The father lovingly takes him in his arms and retires to an adjoining room, undresses him, and puts him to bed. As he gazes upon the placid fea-

tures of his sleeping child for a moment his mind turns from all around him and all before him, back to his quiet life and home, to the grave of the little one not with him. Its last sickness is before him; also the dream that warned him that his child could not live—the dream that ever came to him before coming calamity—that was once again to startle him, presaging his tragic end.

One may lift himself out of his early environment, but its impress is enduring.

About this weird and wonderful man—one of those unique characters that do not repeat themselves in history—is fast gathering a cloud of myth and legend, obscuring the real man. That we may retain some glimpses of this is the apology for these reminiscences.

W. M. DICKSON.

Harper's Magazine, June, 1884.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S BRAVERY

GENERAL B. F. BUTLER, in his *Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln*, says "He visited my Department (of Virginia and North Carolina) twice while I was in command. He was personally a very brave man, and gave me the worst fright of my life because of it. He said 'I should like to ride along your lines and see them, and see the boys, and how they are situated in camp.' I said 'Very well, Sir, we will go after breakfast.' I happened to have a very tall, easy-riding, pacing horse, and as the President was long-legged, I tendered him the use of this animal, while I rode beside him on a pony. He was dressed, as was his custom, in a black suit, a swallow-tail* coat, and wore a silk hat. As there rode on the other side of him, at first, Mr. G. V. Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, who was not more than five feet six, he stood out as a central figure of the group of three; of course the staff officers and orderly were behind. When we got to the line of intrenchment, from which the line of rebel pickets was not over three hundred yards, he towered high above the works, and as we came to the several camps, the men all turned out and cheered him loudly.

"Of course, the enemy's attention was directed to this performance, and with a field-glass it could be plainly seen that the eyes of their officers were fixed on Lincoln; and a person riding down the lines, cheered by the soldiers, was such an unusual thing, so that the enemy must have known he was there. Both Fox and I said: 'Let us ride on the side next to the enemy, Mr. President. You are in fair shot of them, and they must know you, being the only person not uniformed, and our cheers call their attention to you.' 'Oh, no,' he said, laughing, 'the Commander-in-chief must not show any cowardice in the presence of his soldiers, whatever he may feel.' And he insisted on riding the whole length of my intrenchments—

*General Butler must mean a frock-coat. No one ever saw Mr. Lincoln in a dress-coat unless on a state occasion and indoors.

about six miles—in that position, amusing himself at intervals, where there was nothing more attractive, with a sort of competitive examination of the commanding general in the science of engineering, much to the amusement of my Engineer in chief, General Weitzel, who rode on my left, and who was kindly disposed to prompt me, while the examination was going on. This attracted the attention of Mr. Lincoln, who said, ‘Hold on, Weitzel, I can’t beat you, but I think I can beat Butler.’ I give this incident to show his utter unconcern under circumstances of very great peril, which kept the rest of us in a continued and quite painful anxiety.”

LINCOLN AND MISSOURI

SOME foolish commentator on the proposition to make February 12 a legal State holiday asked, the other day: "What did Lincoln do for Missouri?" The very question discloses a most lamentable narrowness, a total missing of all for which Lincoln lived and died, a deplorable misconception of the real result of the unhappy conflict between the States.

"What did Lincoln do for Missouri?"

One steeped in sectional bigotry, one who has not learned the lesson of the war between the States, as taught by the great soldiers and statesmen and jurists and citizens of the new and nobler South, might ask it. But not one who ought to know that Lincoln did for Missouri and for every State in the South what he did for the nation itself and for the world at large—he purged it of the foulest blot upon its honor.

He made it possible for Missouri to take its place in the circle of commonwealths wherein no slave cringed beneath the lash of a master. He made it possible for Missouri to be one of the forty-eight States between which there is no line which divides one section from another. He made it possible for Missouri to sanctify the heroism of its sons and the sacrifices of its daughters by meeting in "an indissoluble union" about a common altar. He made it possible for Missouri to be represented by a star upon the flag of a reunited country, that baptized that flag anew in the blood of sons of the North and South, in the jungles of Cuba, in the forests of Luzon, in the crooked streets of Vera Cruz.

What did Abraham Lincoln do for Missouri? He loved it while he lived, rejoicing in the sons who fought for human liberty, saddened by every blow which fell upon the flag he loved above all else in life. What did he do for Missouri? He died for it, and greater love hath no man.

The Legislature of Missouri may again fail to perform a duty which rests upon it, the performance of which will reflect honor upon the State, the neglect of which will not mar the spotless name of Springfield's sacred dead. Other States have failed to pay this tribute to his memory. Missouri may remain in the company of its Southern sisters. It may remain in the company of some of its neglectful Northern sisters—for it is related to both so-called "sections." It may stay with Virginia and Michigan, with Mississippi and Iowa, with Georgia and Wisconsin, with Arkansas and Indiana, with Alabama and Minnesota, with Florida and New Hampshire, with Louisiana and Nebraska, with the Carolinas and Massachusetts.

Or it may join the splendid company of New York and Pennsylvania, of the Dakotas and Connecticut, of Illinois and California, of Colorado and Montana, of Nevada, Washington, Wyoming and Utah, of West Virginia, New Jersey and Delaware. It is for the Legislature to decide. With the sons and daughters of the South uniting with the sons and daughters of the North, it may well signalize the semi-centennial of Lincoln's death by rising above the sectionalism which noble Southerners long since repudiated. It may shame those Northern States which, without even the justification of traditional alignment with the Southern cause, have withheld the honor asked by the patriotic Americans, the patriotic Southerners and Northerners, the patriotic Missourians, who are asking the Legislature to honor itself and the State by making February 12 a legal holiday, giving the school authorities of Missouri at least the excuse to perform a duty which they so signally neglect.

Perhaps the time may even come in Missouri when the name of Lincoln will be given to schools where white children con their daily tasks and when all the pupils will have their minds directed, during a brief pause in the busy round of school life, to the life and character of one member of the nation's trio of the mighty dead.

Transcript, Boston.

LINCOLN'S LAST ANECDOTE

ON the evening of the thirtieth of March, 1865, President and Mrs. Lincoln, accompanied by a Senator's daughter and a young colonel of cavalry, occupied a box at Ford's Theatre, Washington, the same box in which a fortnight later the career of our Chief Magistrate was closed by the bullet of an assassin. When the curtain fell at the end of the first act the President said: "Colonel, did I ever tell you the story of Grant going to a circus when he was a schoolboy of about ten?" "No, but I shall be most happy to hear it," was the Colonel's answer, whereupon Mr. Lincoln related the following story which is told as nearly as possible in his own words, although nearly two score and eight years have elapsed since he uttered them:

"When General Grant was a little fellow about ten years old a circus came to Point Pleasant in Ohio, where the family lived and Hiram, as he was then called, asked his father for a quarter with which to purchase a ticket for the circus, but the old tanner declined to give it to him, so the boy managed to crawl in under the canvas as I used to do, for at his age I never saw a quarter of a dollar. In that circus," continued the President, "they included an accomplished mule who had been trained to throw his rider. The beast was brought in and the ringmaster announced that any person in the audience who could ride the mule once around the ring without being thrown from his back, should have the silver dollar, which he held in his hand and exhibited. There were many present wishing to possess the coin who mounted the educated mule, but all were thrown before reaching half way around the ring. There being at last no more candidates for the dollar, the ringmaster ordered the animal taken out, when Master Hiram Ulysses appeared on the scene, saying: 'Hold on, I will try that mule.' The boy mounted and kept his seat much longer than any of the others, getting nearly around the ring when,

amid the cheers of the audience, the mule made an extra effort and threw the boy over his head into old man Grant's tan bark. As the boy sprang to his feet, he said, as he tossed his cap and coat aside: 'I will try that beast again.' This time," said Lincoln, "the young rider resorted to strategy. He faced to the rear and seized hold of the mule's tail, which seemed to discourage and demoralize him, with the result that Hiram held on while the animal went around the ring, and he won the silver dollar. Just so," concluded the President, "Grant will hold on to General Lee." Ten days later Lee and his army surrendered at Appomattox.

This was the last of many Lincoln anecdotes I heard from the martyr President, with whom it was my privilege to have been well acquainted during a period of almost eight years.

JAMES GRANT WILSON.

School Library Bulletin, New York.

LINCOLN ON DISBANDMENT

TEN days before his death President Lincoln wrote a letter to Congressman Colfax, who was about to visit the Pacific Coast, a journey made at that time by stage-coach. The war was practically over and demobilization was in the President's mind. He asked Colfax to take a message from him to the miners. "I have," said Mr. Lincoln, "very large ideas of the mineral wealth of our nation. I believe it is practically inexhaustible. It abounds all over the Western country, from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific, and its development has scarcely commenced." The letter went on to say that during the war, when the national debt was increasing two millions a day, the first duty was to save the country, but with hostilities ended, the mines could be depended on to hasten debt payment. "Now, I am going," wrote Mr. Lincoln, "to encourage that in every possible way. We shall have hundreds of thousands of disbanded soldiers, and many have feared that their return home in such great numbers might paralyze industry, by furnishing suddenly, a greater supply of labor than there will be a demand for. I am going to try to attract them to the hidden wealth of our mountain region where there is room enough for all." Even before the surrender of Lee the great constructive mind of Lincoln, always at work along beneficent lines, with charity for all, malice for none, was busy with the new industrial situation.

"Tell the miners for me," he continued, "that I shall promote their interests to the best of my ability, because their prosperity is the prosperity of the nation; and we shall prove, in a few years, that we are indeed the treasury of the world." It is true now as then that the prosperity of patriotic citizens, of all who genuinely work, is also the prosperity of the country, and the key to national wealth. It was not alone in the Gettysburg oration that Lincoln foresaw the great significance of our government to the future of all man-

kind. As for idealism, take this extract from a letter to Mrs. E. P. Gurney, written in the last year of the Civil War: "We had hoped for a termination of this terrible war long before this; but God knows best and has ruled otherwise. We shall yet acknowledge his wisdom and our own errors therein; meanwhile we must work earnestly in the best light he gives us, trusting that so working still conduces to the great end he ordains. Surely he intends some great good to follow this mighty convulsion which no mortal could make and no mortal hand could stay."

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

COBDEN ON LINCOLN

(We take this striking passage from Justin McCarthy's *Reminiscences*, Vol. 1, page 56.)

"John Morley, in his 'Life of Cobden' publishes a passage from Cobden's journal in which he speaks of his first visit to Napoleon III at the Palace of Saint Cloud.

" 'The approach to the palace,' Cobden says, 'was thronged with military, both horse and foot. I entered the building and passed through an avenue of liveried lackeys in the hall, from which I ascended the grand staircase guarded at the top by sentries; and I passed through a series of apartments hung with gorgeous tapestry, each room being in charge of servants higher in rank as they came nearer to the person of the sovereign. As I surveyed this gorgeous spectacle I found my thoughts busy with the recollection of a very different scene, which I had looked upon a few months before, at Washington, when I was the guest of the President of the United States, a plain man in a black suit, living in comparative simplicity, without a sentry at his door or a liveried servant in his house.'

"If Cobden had lived a little longer than he did he might have had his own reflections on the event which took place when the President of the United States, without a sentry at his door or a liveried servant in his house, made it known to the Emperor Louis Napoleon that the French troops must be withdrawn from Mexico lest worse should come of it; and the Emperor had to obey the order and withdraw his troops accordingly, as at a word of command."

AN UNPUBLISHED LINCOLN LETTER

A gentleman in New York has recently come into possession of some unpublished Lincoln letters which belonged to the Corwin family. Among them is the following, written before Lincoln's first nomination:

Private.

Springfield, Ill., May 2, 1860.

Hon. R. M. Corwin:

Dear Sir—Yours of the 30th ult. is just received. After what you have said, it is perhaps proper I should post you, so far as I am able, as to the "lay of the land." First, I think the Illinois delegation will be unanimous for me at the start; and no other delegation will. A few individuals in other delegations would like to go for me at the start, but may be restrained by their colleagues. It is represented to me by men who ought to know, that the whole of Indiana might not be difficult to get. You know how it is in Ohio. I am certainly not the first choice there; and yet I have not heard that anyone makes any positive objection to me. It is just so everywhere as far as I can perceive. Everywhere, except here in Illinois, and possibly Indiana, one or another is preferred to me, but there is no positive objection. This is the ground as it now appears. I believe you personally know C. M. Allen of Vincennes, Io. He is a delegate, and has notified me that the entire Iowa delegation will be in Chicago the same day you name, Saturday, the 12th. My friends, Jesse K. Dubois, our auditor, and Judge David Davis, will probably be there ready to confer with friends from other States. Let me hear from you again when anything occurs.

Yours very truly,

A. Lincoln.

LINCOLN'S DICTIONARY

A dictionary that belonged to Abraham Lincoln has ended its wanderings by finding a permanent resting-place in the archives of the State Historical Society of Missouri. The volume is entitled "An Universal Etymological English Dictionary and Interpreter of Hard Words." In the cover is a bullet-hole, and on the fly-leaf are the names of various members of the Lincoln family, presumably successive owners of the book. Among these are "A. Lincoln" and "Thomas Lincoln," the latter being the name of the President's father. The dictionary was apparently in the possession of one of three bachelor cousins of the President, who lived on farms in Hancock County, Illinois, adjoining that of an acquaintance with whom they used to exchange books. This farm was bought by a Mr. W. W. Glass in 1879, and some time afterward the old volume was found in the attic of the log house situated thereon.

Evening Post, New York.



